

# V E R S E S

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

*JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.*

LATE HEAD MASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

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BY

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Εἶνεκεν ευμαθίης πινυτοφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρεὺς  
Ἠσκήσεν Μουσῶν ἀμμιγα καὶ Χαριτῶν.

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V E S T

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following lines is far from desirous of being considered as a candidate for public applause. His ambition will be amply gratified, if a portion of that respect and affection, which animated him to the composition, shall be excited by the perusal in any pupil of Dr. Warton, into whose hands they may happen to fall.

# ADDENDUM

THE Author of the foregoing work has been  
delicious of being enabled to add a few  
public signals. The addition is so small  
that it is not worth the trouble of  
reprinting, which would be to the  
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"TIS sweet, when freshly breathes the vernal morn,  
To hear the solemn rook, that clam'rous wheels  
Round some elm-circled mansion; sweet to lie  
Beneath the canopy of spreading groves,  
When ceaseless hums the summer air, or rove  
At evening still, when the lone nightingale  
Sings wakeful her thick-warbled song; 'tis sweet  
To catch by fits the melancholy sound,  
While through the ruins of th' autumnal wood  
Sighs the sad gale, or the loud wintry wind  
Blows hollow o'er the bleak and blasted heath;—  
But sweeter still the meek and plaintive tones  
Of heav'nly poetry, which lulls the heart  
With grateful sorrow mild; which speaks of worth  
Departed, speaks of those whom never more  
Our eyes shall view, our arms shall clasp; then tells

In



In louder strains of the eternal rest,  
The blissful mansions of unfading heav'n.

And such delightful pleasure innocent,  
Delightful to the sense, and to the mind  
Minist'ring calm and holy pensiveness,  
Who shall forbid to seize? Who shall forbid,  
If I, unus'd to woo th' Aonian choir,  
And all unskilful, yet aspire to seek  
Their hallow'd temple; and with pious zeal  
And grateful duty weave an humble crown,  
“<sup>a</sup> To deck the laureate herse where Warton lies?”

O tow'rs of Venta, and thou gentle stream,  
Itchin, ye bending vales, and breezy downs,  
You best his praise can witness;—oft he climb'd  
In morn of life your fir-crown'd hill, and roam'd  
Your osier'd meads, and pac'd your cloisters dim;  
You to meridian fame beheld him rise

<sup>a</sup> To strew the laureate herse, where Lycid lies.

MILTON's Lycidas.

Circled

Circled with Wykeham's sons ; and you beheld  
How Wykeham's grateful sons <sup>b</sup> the tribute paid  
Of filial love, and cheer'd his closing day.

For well was Warton lov'd, and well deserv'd !  
Whether he led the fault'ring step of youth  
To offer incense at the Muse's shrine ;  
Or, justly stern, check'd with forbidding frown  
Impetuous vice ; or with approving smile  
Cherish'd the hope of virtue's modest bud ;  
Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade,  
“ <sup>c</sup> His tongue dropt manna,” and his ardent eye  
Sparkled with temper'd rage, or beam'd with joy

<sup>b</sup> I think I may venture to assert, that there never was a man in his situation more universally beloved, than the last Head-Master of Winchester. In addition to that general tribute of gratitude paid him at all times, the particular testimony, which he received from the Scholars of the College at the time of his quitting them in 1793, and in which I must always regret that certain circumstances prevented me from joining, cannot but be considered as highly honourable to him and them. It was a testimony, which I have no doubt was the source of gratification to him till the day of his death.

<sup>c</sup> Paradise Lost, book 2.

Bound-

Boundless : nor wonder ; for within his heart  
 Dwelt pure affection, and the liberal glow  
 Of charity ; join'd to each native grace,  
 Which the sweet Muse imparts to those she loves.  
 His was the tear of pity, soft as show'rs  
 That fall on April meadows ; his the rapt  
 Impassion'd thought, quick as the lightning's glance,  
 And warm as summer suns : and every flow'r  
 Of Poesy<sup>d</sup>, which by the laurell'd spring  
 Of Aganippe, or that Roman stream  
 Tiber, or Tuscan Arno, breath'd of old  
 Its fragrance sweet ; and ev'ry flow'r, which since  
 Hath drunk the dew beside the banks of Thames,  
 Met in his genial breast, and blossom'd there.

\* Happy old man ! for therefore didst thou seek

<sup>d</sup> Warton might have described his own mingled fondness for the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets, in the words which he has quoted from Milton. *Nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum illo suo pellucido Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma sua Tiberis ripa retinere valuerunt, quin sæpe Arnum vestrum et Fæfulanos illos colles invisere amem.* (Essay on Pope, i. 265.)

\* Fortunate senex. Virg. E. i.

Ecstatic



' Ecstatic vision by the haunted stream  
 Or grove of faery : then thy nightly ear  
 (As from the wild notes of some airy harp)  
 Thrill'd with strange music ; if the tragic plaints  
 And sounding lyre of those Athenians old,  
 Rich-minded poets, fathers of the stage,  
 Rous'd thee enraptur'd ; or the pastoral reed

' Each evening —————  
 ————— lay me by the haunted stream  
 Rapt in some wild poetic dream,  
 In converse while methinks I rove  
 With Spenser through a fairy grove ;  
 Till suddenly awak'd I hear  
 Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
 By the sweetly-soothing sound.

## ODE TO FANCY.

Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew  
 Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.

Warton's enthusiastic admiration of the poets specified below is well known ; and the mention of them in this place seems not foreign from my purpose, as they are not only the subjects of those elegant critical papers, with which he enriched the *Adventurer*, but are frequently brought forward by him with all the warmth of an ardent lover in his *Essay on Pope*.

Of Mantuan Tityrus charm'd ; or Dante fierce,  
 Or more majestic Homer swell'd thy soul,  
 Or Milton's muse of fire. Nor seldom came  
 Wild Fancy's priests, with masked pageantry,  
 And <sup>g</sup> harpings more than mortal : he, whose praise  
 Is heard by Mulla ; and that untaught bard  
 Of Avon, child of Nature ; nor less lov'd,  
 Though later, he, who rais'd with mystic hand  
 The fancy-hallow'd pile of chivalry,  
 Throng'd with bold knights ; while Chaucer smil'd to see  
 From his rich mine of English, undefil'd,  
<sup>h</sup> Though all by time obscur'd, a gorgeous dome

On

<sup>g</sup> This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
 That the earth owes.

## TEMPEST.

<sup>h</sup> Chaucer is obscure to those persons only who neglect him ; the difficulty, which attends the first reading of him, soon vanishes ; and surely the conquest must be worth the trouble, when we consider the advantages to be derived from it. Whoever can be satisfied with masculine and simple poetry ; whoever can be amused with humour, too often through the nature of the times, in which he wrote, alloyed with ribaldry, but frequently pure and sterling ; whoever thinks it desirable to become acquainted

On marble pillars rear'd, and golden valves  
Majestic, fashion'd by his genuine son.

And O ! hadst thou to our fond vows appear'd  
Affistant, whilst <sup>i</sup> unrivall'd Dryden sang  
Ammon's high pomp, and Sigismonda's tears  
For lost Guiscardo ; how on coal-black steed

quainted with the manners of his ancestors, and (I may add) to gain a more distinct view of his own language, will be amply rewarded by the repeated perusal of Chaucer.—I consider his *Knights Tale*, which Dryden has so nobly modernised, as the poem of Chivalry: the names indeed are classical; but the images, the sentiments, the characters, the very action of the poem itself, are all wild and fanciful and chivalrous.

<sup>i</sup> See the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, Sigismonda and Guiscardo, Theodore and Honoria, and Palamon and Arcite. Dryden seems to have sunk very much in the public estimation; but it is hardly to be wondered at in an age, in which Pizarros and Castle Spectres and Blue-beards are suffered to drive Nature and Shakespeare from the English Stage; and in which Pope is ostentatiously held up to admiration not only as "the great moral poet," but as "the first poet of the nation." (See *Pursuits of Literature*, P. iv.) May I presume to differ in appearance from Dr. Warton, and deliver my opinion, that as a Poet (ὁ ποιητής) Pope is vastly inferior to Dryden?—Indeed I cannot but look on Dryden as unrivalled in *rhyme*.

"The horse-man ghost came thund'ring for his prey ;"  
 Or how amid the waste of nature stood  
 Thy temple, God of Slaughter !—O ! hadst thou  
 With kindred flame, and such a flame was thine,  
 Call'd up that elder bard, who left half-sung  
 The wondrous tale of Tartar <sup>k</sup> Càmbuscàn ;  
 So had the Muse a brighter chaplet twin'd  
 To grace thy brow ; nor tuneful Dryden hung  
 A statelier trophy on the shrine of fame.

Happy old man ! Yet not in vain to thee  
 Was Fancy's wand committed ; not in vain  
 Did Science fill thee with her sacred lore :—  
 But if of fair and lovely aught, if aught  
 Of good and virtuous in her hallow'd walls,

<sup>k</sup> I have taken the liberty of adopting this pronunciation, notwithstanding Milton's authority to the contrary. The word, as it frequently occurs in the Squieres Tale, is necessarily and uniformly Càmbuscàn : *e. g.*

This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan.

(C. T. 10343.) Milton was in all probability not aware of the title of Khan of Tartary.

Through



Through the long space of thrice twelve glorious years,  
 Thy Venta nurtur'd ; if transplanted thence  
 To the fair banks of Ifis and of Cam,  
 It brighter shone ; and haply thence again,  
 Thence haply spread its influence through the land,  
*That* be *thy* praise. Be it thy praise, that thou  
 Didst bathe the youthful lip in the fresh spring,  
 " The pure well-head of Poesy," didst point,  
 Like thine own lov'd ' Longinus, to the steep  
 Parnassian crag, and led'st thyself the way ;—  
 Be it thy praise, that thou didst clear the path,  
 Which leads to Virtue's fane ; not her of stern  
 And Stoic aspect dark, till Virtue wears  
 The gloom of Vice ; but such as warms the heart  
 To acts of love, and peace, and gentleness,  
 And tend'rest charity ; such as around  
 Thy earthly passage shed her cheerful light,  
 And such as Wykeham best might love to view.

<sup>1</sup> Warton was remarkably partial to Longinus's treatise on the Sublime, and in his choice of that interesting writer he seems to have been directed by a congeniality of sentiment. He was indeed the critic of taste and feeling.



So thine allotted station didst thou fill,  
 And now art pass'd to thy peaceful grave,  
 In age and honours ripe. Then not for thee  
 Pour we the tear of sorrow; not with strains  
 Like those despondent, which the <sup>m</sup> Doric bard  
 Wept for his Bion, do we tend on thee:

<sup>m</sup> I allude to a part of Moschus's Elegy on Bion, which I feel inclined to transcribe; as any one, who may have happened not to have read it, will thank me for introducing him to one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems of antiquity; and those, who have read it, can never think the reperusal of it to be tedious.

Λι, αἰ, τὰ μαλαχαί μεν ἔπ'αν κατὰ κᾶπον ὀλῶνται,  
 Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σελίνα, τὸ τ' εὐθαλὲς ἔλινον ἀνῆδον,  
 Ὑστερον αὖ ζῶντι, καὶ εἰς ἔτος ἄλλο φροντὶ  
 Ἀμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες,  
 Ὅποτε πρῶτα θανώμεν, ἀνακοῦν ἐν χθονὶ κοίλῃ  
 Εὐδοίμεν εὖ μάλα μακρὸν, ἀτερμονα, νιγχετον ὕπνον.  
 Καὶ σὺ μεν ἐν σιγῇ πεπυκασμένος ἐσσεῖαι ἐν γῇ. κ. τ. λ.

I do not remember to have seen the resemblance between these verses and Beattie's "Hermit" taken notice of: it appears more striking from the consideration, that the earliest copies of that poem contained only the first four stanzas. And the two concluding stanzas seem to have been added by the elegant and amiable author or (as has been stated) by Johnson, with a view of correcting the false sentiment conveyed in the preceding.

For

For other hopes are ours, and other views  
 Brighter, and happier scenes ! No earthly chains  
 Shall in this dreary prison-house confine  
 Spirits of light ; nor shall the heav'n-born mind  
 Oblivious linger in the silent cave  
 Of endless hopeless sleep. But as the Sun,  
 Who drove his fierce and fiery-tressed steeds  
 Glorious along the vault of heav'n, at length  
 Sinks in the bosom of the western wave ;  
 Anon from forth the chambers of the east  
 To run his giant course ; so didst thou set,  
 So mayst thou rise to glory !

But the high  
 And secret counsels of th' Eternal Name  
 Who may presume to scan !

Enough for me  
 That thus with pious zeal I pour the verse  
 Of love to Warton, from that <sup>n</sup> seat which nurs'd

His

<sup>n</sup> I have been so fortunate as to procure a quarto pamphlet of  
 Odes by Joseph Warton, B. A. of Oriel College, Oxon. 2d.  
 Edit.

His youth in classic lore. Here blest with all,  
 That social worth can yield, and minds refin'd  
 By Attic taste, and gentlest manners bland,  
 My duteous homage chief to thee I pay,  
 O dome of Edward ! nor meanwhile forget  
 The earlier hopes that charm'd, the earlier friends  
 That still, entwin'd around my heart, endear  
 My hours of childhood ; whilst I sojourn'd blithe  
 In those lov'd walls, which Wykeham nobly plann'd,  
 And Warton, favourite of the Muses, grac'd.

Edit. Dodsley, 1747. Of these the first alone, the well-known Ode to Fancy, appeared in Dodsley's Collection, which contains several other pieces by the same hand. A republication of all these poems together with others, which might in all probability be occasionally found, and attended with a biographical sketch of the author, would be, to Wykehamists in particular, an interesting work.



FINIS.

